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ONE PENNY.
No. 183 Vol. IV.

CITY

JACKDAW

ONE PENNY.
May 16, 1879.



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(ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)

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Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

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KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

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OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,
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Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision.

Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

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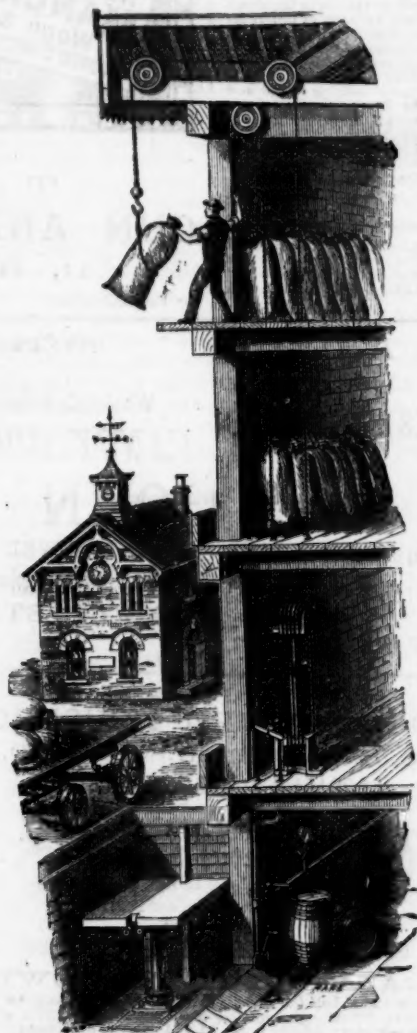
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other Power.



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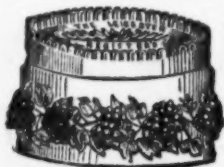
Forwarded to any Address. TEA, COFFEE, LUNCHEON, and DINNER ROOMS; Wine, Ale, Stout, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches. Breakfasts, Suppers, Silver Salvers, Stands, and Epergnes supplied. **I. MAYER, 103, OLDHAM STREET.** N.B.—Bow Window.

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THE CITY JACKDAW.

MAY 16, 1899.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., G., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.

The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMOORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

BILLIARDS!—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—GLOVE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, Lower King Street, Manchester.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

Have the Largest Assortment of

DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES

ble for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate, from the very best makers.

HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.



OPAL,
GLASS, WOOD,
CHINA,
BRASS, AND ZINC
Letters,
Supplied by
BROADHEAD & CO.,
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43, MARKET ST.

T. STENSBY, GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,

11, HANGING DITCH.

Established 1810.

Established 1810.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign
FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,
JOHN BOYD & CO.,
Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New
and More Extensive Premises, situated
MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,
WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S WORLD-RENOWNED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.

A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.



The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without eggs. Pastry without butter, and beautiful light bread without yeast.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, etc., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s. 2d., and 5s. Tins.

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GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, etc., it is incomparable.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, etc., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

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GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.



The best and cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, etc., etc. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, etc., at 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. each Bottle.

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GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.

For making delicious Custards without eggs, in less time and at half the price. Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally, as a useful agent in the preparation of a good Custard. Give it a trial. Sold in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, etc.

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JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,

Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now Offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 2/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

BUY YOUR CLOTHING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FROM **BARROWCLOUGH & CO.** IT IS FASHIONABLE, DURABLE, AND CHEAP.

321, Oldham Road, Bolton.
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12, Ashton New Road, Beswick.
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The Tailors' Supply, 94, High St., City.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 183.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TOWN HALL SILHOUETTES.

MR. ALDERMAN JOHN GRAVE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

IF, after the name of John Grave, we were to write the words "by Skiddaw—Helvellyn," the writing might have the appearance of referring to a race horse or a greyhound, so we will not proceed to such extremities; though, without wishing to be disrespectful to Mr. Grave, we think his pedigree would be most appropriately described as above; and we are not sure that the worthy alderman himself would in the least object to the description. We shall regard, therefore, Mr. Grave's forefathers as mere instrumentalists, his real ancestors being Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and the day of his birth as having been ushered in by catbells, and other Borrowdale music. The personal appearance of John Grave is in unison with his ancestral belongings; he is vast and bold and rugged, and across his broad face the lights and shades of humour or wrath sweep as they do, on a lakeland afternoon, across the Cumbrian mountains. Mr. Fox Turner used to say of John Grave that he had not only the face of Danton, but also the motto of the mighty Frenchman, "*de l'audace et toujours de l'audace.*" Lucky for all thirsty and cleanly souls who may dwell in Manchester and its vicinity during the coming half-century and beyond it, that the chairman of the water-works should have this Dantesque characteristic, for without it we should never have retained Thirlmere. In this enterprise, the chairman has had many notable curates, none of whom we need specify here; but the high priest has been John Grave, who has chanted litanies and delivered preachings and roared over wood and fell, and upon whom the Royal assent to the Bill will soon place the wreath of victory.

What great events from trivial causes spring. John Grave, as a lad, would persist in going to Manchester; presumably he drove by Leather-water on his way from Cockermouth to the banks of the Irwell—little dreaming that the cool waters would hereafter be connected with his name. As by a wand the years disperse—the lakeland youngster returns as the expanded merchant—the burly adult—the municipal dignitary; and as, in his career, Manchester and Lakeland have been joined—so by the same career shall they never again be put asunder. The realisation of other youthful dreams, now, alas, again but the echoes of dreamland, furnished our hero with a companion for exploring, with Manchester interests, the water stores of his native county. Up hill and down dale, John Grave and his wife—the latter an excellent type of Cumbrian strength and freshness and kindness—explored, as we have said, the *terrain* for our behoof in Manchester. Not unfrequently—for the quest was one of years, and was carried on without the privacy of anyone except themselves—the explorers—with all their knowledge of the country—got lost, and had to scramble in the gloaming down mountain sides or beck-beds which the summer had left dry. But what a fit couple for wandering about in that region! The master with his dialect smack of those hills, and the mistress, whose love for the poetry of the lakes was only equalled by her intimacy with the lake poets, all friends and companions of her youth.

So we got to Thirlmere; it was to be so—everything was to be so. Let us look a little at the acorn which, in its marvellous cup, contained the spreading branches of Boscobel; with links eccentric but sure, and not fracturable, the acorn in the cup is linked with the fate of that distant unborn, Charles Stuart. Peradventure, though their successors opposed us, the lake poets may have "promoted" Thirlmere. And why not? When all has been done that need to be done; when Mr. Bateman and Mr. Hill and Mr. Berrey have worked their wills upon the landscape, and the Raven's Crag will look down upon a scene not inferior to

that of to-day. Any dead daw—buried at Dale Head when George the Third was King, and resurrectionized as a witness when Albert the First shall have succeeded his great grandfather—will have little to cark about, either as to food or prospects. He will be able to wheel in the air as he was wont to wheel; and the carpet beneath him will be as beautifully varied as of yore. The daw will never know that an old woman in Ancoats has just drawn off enough of Thirlmere for a cup of tea.

Whilst, therefore, others who are not hostile to the great scheme of Mr. Grave, nevertheless hold on and hold hard, and strain the breechband in doing it, lest the author of that scheme should get too much praise and become more unmanageable than ever, we are inclined to say "honour to the brave and the Grave!" The literature of the struggle would be an interesting addition to the stories of the lake dalesmen. John Grave for the last four years has been more talked of in those ordinarily quiet valleys than the biggest man in England. He has bestridden their unpeopled solitudes like a colossus. When it has been suggested that the conception was too vast for practical interpretation, and that the committee should abandon it, the chairman's fist has come down like the hammer of Thor, and the decanters have danced to his invariable response, "Noo, nivver!" Would you hear him on the rainfall, on the rain gauge which "Mathyer" (not Curtis) has fixed on "the breast of Helvellyn"—how the rains arrive at the lakes, and have, indeed, from the dawn of Time made on that direction for the purposes of the Corporation of the City of Manchester—go back a year or two to "The Tower" at Portin-seale, put on your slippers, "take it hot," stretch out your legs, and as the fragrant wreath from your regalias or chieftans soars upwards, the big Behemoth Water-God shall shake the dewdrops from his mighty brow and tell how fields and waters were won, and we shall all pretend that we never heard it before, "Noo, nivver!"

SABBATH BREAKING.

IT was a truly edifying sight on Sunday afternoon last to see no less than five of our plain-clothes, Sabbath-protecting police hauling along Rochdale Road, at Collyhurst Bridge, four little children, the eldest of whom might be about thirteen years of age, towards the police station in Churnet Street. They had been guilty of the enormity of playing a game of marbles (save the mark) on the Sunday, thereby violating all law and order, and the offence being contrary to the Act for the better observance, &c., &c., were instantly pounced upon and surrounded by the five valorous officers and conveyed to durance vile. How terrible is the majesty of the law—to little children! Not a hundred yards from the spot we had just passed a street corner where four tall, hulking fellows were beguiling their time, until the public-house re-opened its welcome portals, with a friendly, harmless game of tossing for pennies; but these were *men*, not children, and, perhaps, being uneducated, were incapable of receiving a moral lesson from the fact of being "run in," so our active and intelligent officers wisely took in charge the little infantile beings upon whom such a lesson would not be lost. Such praiseworthy conduct on behalf of our police cannot be too highly appreciated, and we think that they do very wisely in keeping out of bad company. Verily, Dogberry was a wise constable, for he advised the watch to let a man depart who would not be arrested, and afterwards to call the rest of the watch together and thank heaven they were rid of a knave—but how if the said knave had been only a little boy, and had been playing marbles? Eh, Dogberry?

AN UNPUNISHED OFFENDER.—The man who "stole a march," "took offence," "seized an opportunity," "broke into a canter," "upset everybody's gravity," and struck an attitude."

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

CONCERNING A CURIOUS CURATE.

[FROM THE "BIRMINGHAM OWL."]

BLIGH TOMKINS was a Curate of the lady-killing school, To not admire sweet Bligh was the exception, not the rule; His manners were seraphic and his attitudes were nice, But his leading charm, however, was his soft angelic voice.

To hear him read the Lessons was declared a luscious treat;
"His voice, you know, was soft and low, and so intensely sweet;"
You rarely caught a word he said, but what was that, if he
Intoned the service all way through upon his upper G?

Bligh saw the great impression that his voice made on the folk,
Whenever during service time he got him up and spoke;
So he resolved when he'd fought out a little inward strife,
To introduce intoning into daily private life.

He tried it on one evening at a dinner party staid,
And when he said "the evening's warm," each widow, wife, and maid
Turned up her eyes and opened her ears as wide as they would stick,
And murmured in an ecstasy, oh! lovely! angelic.

The wits around the festive board were silenced to a man,
Their jokes were choked with cruel snubs before they well began;
But when Bligh intoned "jolly please," or "mustard kindly hand,"
You might have heard a pin fall on a bed of softest sand.

This great success decided Bligh to intone all he said,
And to grow more incoherent he onward thus was led.
The charm of these no spinsters could withstand howe'er discreet,
And fortunes and their owners fair were flopped at Tomkins' feet.

But all their sweet advances for to wed he did reject,
He thought that two intoning p'raps might mar the fine effect;
And all the maids at this repulse in chorus did commence—
Intoning in a minor key Bligh's cold indifferentence.

But one young Miss meant having him,—no matter what he thought,—
She vowed that through his greatest charm the Curate should be
caught;

She asked him to a quiet tea, and got a witness there,
And vowed next day an offer Bligh had gone and made to her.

In vain Bligh vowed he'd but intoned, "Please hand to me a knife,"
She swore—so did her witness—he said, "Sweet Ann, be thou my
wife;"

But as he would not with her wed, she went with queenly grace,
And made him the defendant in a breach of promise case.

In evidence he swore he said the words I down have writ,
But the opposing counsel said, "Stuff, not a bit of it;"
And with this view the learned judge—the usher who'd been fee'd—
The jury and the witnesses, they one and all agreed.

As he'd no cash in hand therewith the damages to pay,
Ann paid them on condition that he'd name the wedding day:
He named the day—"Intoning" cut, and having bought the ring,
He joined the Evangelicals who hate that kind of thing.

D'ISRAELI v. BEACONSFIELD.

THE following cutting is from a Metropolitan paper:—"Lord Beaconsfield has received a memorial signed by nearly thirteen hundred of the farmers of Buckinghamshire, praying his lordship to support the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The memorial is accompanied by a petition with an almost equally large number of signatures, which the farmers have asked the Prime Minister to present to the House of Lords." And yet Lord Beaconsfield not only spoke against the measure, but exercised all his influence against it also! We have seen the time when the Right Honourable Benjamin D'Israeli, the idol of the Buckinghamshire farmers, and their chosen representative for many years, would have paid some deference and respect to their expressed wish. They used to swear by him as the best and truest of their friends, and he used to assure them (on the hustings) that their opinions were his opinions, and in the opinions of the Buckinghamshire farmers, Benjamin D'Israeli would live and die. But lo! No sooner has a coronet graced the manly brow of the political Juggernaut of the said farmers, than he becomes quite another creature! The Earl of Beaconsfield knows not who Benjamin D'Israeli was, nor that such a man ever existed, and the puddle-headed Buckinghamshire farmers can only now deplore the sad course of events which has made, to them, their former champion into a gartered peer, and Benjamin D'Israeli into a memory of the past. Dared they only speak their thoughts, we doubt not their sentence now would be—

"Off with his head—so much for Buckingham."

HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD.

THERE is an old saying about cutting off one's nose in order to spite one's face, and it would seem that the clumsy way in which the Conservatives of the Openshaw Local Board have operated upon their faces is very near akin to that praiseworthy action. They have made themselves a laughing-stock, not only to their political opponents, but, we should say, also to all sensible (if there are any such) members of their own party. The imbecile attempt to destroy a Board which had existed for fifteen years, solely because the electors of Openshaw thought fit to try what effect the presence of three Liberals would have upon its working, has resulted in such a disastrous failure that Messrs. Sturdy, Parr, Mottram, Charlton, and Newton will in future feel themselves too small ever to raise their heads again even among the common herd of those thick-skulled Jingoese whose overbearing bully has so long disgraced the name of English working-men. Their splendid tactics in attempting to cause a collapse of the Board, before allow a Liberal member to sit thereon, is worthy the attention of the higher Tory powers; and we shall be much gratified by the Conservative majority in a certain larger assembly following the strategic example shown them in Openshaw. As for the Law-clerk of the Board who advised this clever move, the less said about his ability to fill his appointed office the better for the judgment of those who appointed him; for a person who understands so little about the constitution of that body whose adviser he is supposed to be, cannot, we should think, satisfy any person, who is not a Conservative in its most thoroughly follow-my-leader sense of the term, that he is a fit and a proper person to look to for competent advice upon any other subject than a Conservative picnic to Tatton Park, or a soiree at a local Conservative hall, and he may be a poor authority even at that. Meanwhile, we will leave the five patriotic gentlemen to enjoy their victorious move, and to reflect upon the glorious service they have rendered to the cause of their party in Openshaw.

DOGBERRY AND VERGES IN DUKINFIELD.

THE Ashton papers of last week report, at considerable length, a public meeting called for the purpose of protesting against the manner of the conviction of a man—Michael Kenny—who was found by the manservant of a Dukinfield magistrate trespassing, and, as it is said, comporting himself in a suspicious manner in the said magistrate's grounds. This was on the Saturday, and the manservant, it is to be supposed at someone's orders, followed Kenny, and, after what he described as a scuffle, took him into custody, and handed him into the hands of the police. On the next Monday the prisoner was brought into the presence of the magistrate, and a brother magistrate, in the house of the former, and on the unsupported testimony of the servant was committed to prison for three months.

Dukinfield is in the enviable position of an agricultural district, there being neither stipendiary magistrate nor resident clerk to magistrates there, and though there is a room in the Temperance Hall in which magisterial business is commonly conducted, there is probably nothing illegal in a justice at this village of 19,000 people making his own house a temporary court. This much was admitted by the meeting, and the chairman explained that its object was as much a general one, to protest against a populous town being in such a position, as to consider this particular case; at the same time he protested, as will seem to most people, reasonably, against any magistrate trying his own case, in his own house, on the testimony of his own servant. Such a course might be possible, or even necessary, in a thinly populated agricultural district, where the people are accustomed to the eccentricities of justice's justice, but, surely, not in Dukinfield, with its regular court, a neighbouring one at Stalybridge, and another at Hyde. As might be expected, some pretty hard things were said of the two magistrates, Messrs. Alfred Aspland and W. E. Garforth, but though the case was considered serious enough to warrant a representation being made to the Home Secretary, there was no attempt to impute to the justices anything more than excessive bad taste, and undue severity.

We rejoice in the meeting, as it is a sign that the healthy interest of the population in the acts of their "betters," which it is to be feared, is absolutely dead in the greater part of the land, is still a force in Dukinfield. The interest shown in a poor navy, who, so far as is known, does not bear a particularly good character, but against whom things seem to have gone harder than they should, is as hopeful a sign of regeneration as we have seen for many a day.

COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS (MADE TO ORDER.) **JOHN CHETHAM**, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 29, TIB STREET, MANCHESTER. (Repairs neatly executed.)

THE HISTORY OF A FRAUD.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

WHEN Bill was boss, Ben told some awful whackers,
 About "harrassing Legislation;" and his backers
 Inhaled his vice, along with that of malice;
 Bill took the seals, and left them at the Palace,
 Ben got the seals, a peer became, and higher
 Raised our kingdom, making it an empire;
 Juggles six millions from the nation's purse
 To back the Turks, who have long been Europe's curse;
 Ignores our Constitution, brings black troops,
 To scalp the Russians, then to Jingo stoops;
 Issues free passes to all Music Halls,
 Next, sends the fleet by stealth to Stamboul's walls;
 Demands a Congress, Europe's power defies,
 Blows his own trumpet to the azure skies;
 Does what he likes in the good nation's name
 That was so jealous of its well-won fame;
 As compensation he an island seizes;
 Binds us to Turkey, and at our protests sneezes.
 He kicks the nation out who took him in—
 A just reward for such a flagrant sin.
 To-day old Benjamin daily comes to ask
 For more "monish," more "monish;" but the mask
 Will be removed, and Ben will stand to view,
 What he has always been—a cunning Jew.

EMIGRATION FROM ENGLAND.

THE statement published last week of the emigration from the port of Liverpool alone is of itself sufficient to make the most jovial heart sad to think of the condition into which we have fallen. That eleven thousand of our fellow countrymen and women should find it necessary to leave their native land for some foreign, and to them more hospitable, shore, is no light matter. The world, as a whole, is afflicted with a huge incubus of poverty, and from this land, more blessed by far than many other lands, that the common people should find it impossible either to earn a living, or get a living, from the soil, is an important consideration to which we cannot give too much attention. It is vain to attempt explanations. The sooner the lexicographers begin to describe an emigrant as a man who leaves his native land in search of bread, so soon will they tell a plain, unvarnished tale upon the matter. It is well known that nineteen-twentieths of the poor people who leave Great Britain carry with them as much cash, and have spent as much cash in the arrangements for their departure, as would, if put together, buy large estates, upon which they might live in comfort and prosperity; but, as usual, the land laws, and the state of society altogether, precludes the trial of the experiment. Unfortunately our countrymen have got into the way of going to other lands upon the pinch of hunger, but there certainly has never been a time when the land would not keep its people, though for two hundred years we have had political economists advising emigration as a cure for the ills of the people. John Milton, in one of his noble tractates, thus speaks of emigration:—

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THERE is believed to be only one thing slower than treacle in January, and that is one lady making room for another lady in a street car.

CONCERNING A CURIOUS CURATE.

(FROM THE "BIRMINGHAM OWL.")

BLIGH TOMKINS was a Curate of the lady-killing school, To not admire sweet Bligh was the exception, not the rule; His manners were seraphic and his attitudes were nice, But his lending charm, however, was his soft angelic voice.

To hear him read the Lessons was declared a luscious treat; "His voice, you know, was soft and low, and so intensely sweet;" You rarely caught a word he said, but what was that, if he Intoned the service all way through upon his upper G?

Bligh saw the great impression that his voice made on the folk, Whenever during service time he got him up and spoke; So he resolved when he'd fought out a little inward strife, To introduce intoning into daily private life.

He tried it on one evening at a dinner party staid, And when he said "the evening's warm," each widow, wife, and maid Turned up her eyes and ope'd her ears as wide as they would stick, And murmured in an ecstasy, oh! lovely! angelic.

The wits around the festive board were silenced to a man, Their jokes were choked with cruel snubs before they well began; But when Bligh intoned "jelly please," or "mustard kindly hand," You might have heard a pin fall on a bed of softest sand.

This great success decided Bligh to intone all he said, And to grow more incoherent he onward thus was led. The charm of these no spinsters could withstand howe'er discreet, And fortunes and their owners fair were flopped at Tomkins' feet.

But all their sweet advances for to wed he did reject, He thought that two intoning p'raps might mar the fine effect; And all the maids at this repulse in chorus did commence— Intoning in a minor key Bligh's cold indifference.

But one young Miss meant having him,—no matter what he thought,— She vowed that through his greatest charm the Curate should be caught;

She asked him to a quiet tea, and got a witness there, And vowed next day an offer Bligh had gone and made to her.

In vain Bligh vowed he'd but intoned, "Please hand to me a knife," She swore—so did her witness—he said, "Sweet Ann, be thou my wife;"

But as he would not with her wed, she went with queenly grace, And made him the defendant in a breach of promise case.

In evidence he swore he said the words I down have writ, But the opposing counsel said, "Stuff, not a bit of it;" And with this view the learned judge—the usher who'd been fee'd— The jury and the witnesses, they one and all agreed.

As he'd no cash in hand therewith the damages to pay, Ann paid them on condition that he'd name the wedding day: He named the day—"Intoning" cut, and having bought the ring, He joined the Evangelicals who hate that kind of thing.

D'ISRAELI v. BEACONSFIELD.

THE following cutting is from a Metropolitan paper:—"Lord Beaconsfield has received a memorial signed by nearly thirteen hundred of the farmers of Buckinghamshire, praying his lordship to support the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The memorial is accompanied by a petition with an almost equally large number of signatures, which the farmers have asked the Prime Minister to present to the House of Lords." And yet Lord Beaconsfield not only spoke against the measure, but exercised all his influence against it also! We have seen the time when the Right Honourable Benjamin D'Israeli, the idol of the Buckinghamshire farmers, and their chosen representative for many years, would have paid some deference and respect to their expressed wish. They used to swear by him as the best and truest of their friends, and he used to assure them (on the hustings) that their opinions were his opinions, and in the opinions of the Buckinghamshire farmers, Benjamin D'Israeli would live and die. But lo! No sooner has a coronet graced the manly brow of the political Juggernaut of the said farmers, than he becomes quite another creature! The Earl of Beaconsfield knows not who Benjamin D'Israeli was, nor that such a man ever existed, and the puddle-headed Buckinghamshire farmers can only now deplore the sad course of events which has made, to them, their former champion into a gartered peer, and Benjamin D'Israeli into a memory of the past. Dared they only speak their thoughts, we doubt not their sentence now would be—

"Off with his head—so much for Buckingham."

HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD.

THERE is an old saying about cutting off one's nose in order to spite one's face, and it would seem that the clumsy way in which the Conservatives of the Openshaw Local Board have operated upon their faces is very near akin to that praiseworthy action. They have made themselves a laughing-stock, not only to their political opponents, but, we should say, also to all sensible (if there are any such) members of their own party. The imbecile attempt to destroy a Board which had existed for fifteen years, solely because the electors of Openshaw thought fit to try what effect the presence of three Liberals would have upon its working, has resulted in such a disastrous failure that Messrs. Sturdy, Parr, Mottram, Charlton, and Newton will in future feel themselves too small ever to raise their heads again even among the common herd of those thick-skulled Jingoos whose overbearing bully has so long disgraced the name of English working-men. Their splendid tactics in attempting to cause a collapse of the Board, before allow a Liberal member to sit thereon, is worthy the attention of the higher Tory powers; and we shall be much gratified by the Conservative majority in a certain larger assembly following the stragetic example shown them in Openshaw. As for the Law-clerk of the Board who advised this clever move, the less said about his ability to fill his appointed office the better for the judgment of those who appointed him; for a person who understands so little about the constitution of that body whose adviser he is supposed to be, cannot, we should think, satisfy any person, who is not a Conservative in its most thoroughly follow-my-leader sense of the term, that he is a fit and a proper person to look to for competent advice upon any other subject than a Conservative pic-nic to Tatton Park, or a soiree at a local Conservative hall, and he may be a poor authority even at that. Meanwhile, we will leave the five patriotic gentlemen to enjoy their victorious move, and to reflect upon the glorious service they have rendered to the cause of their party in Openshaw.

DOGBERRY AND VERGES IN DUKINFIELD.

THE Ashton papers of last week report, at considerable length, a public meeting called for the purpose of protesting against the manner of the conviction of a man—Michael Kenny—who was found by the manservant of a Dukinfield magistrate trespassing, and, as it is said, comporting himself in a suspicious manner in the said magistrate's grounds. This was on the Saturday, and the manservant, it is to be supposed at someone's orders, followed Kenny, and, after what he described as a scuffle, took him into custody, and handed him into the hands of the police. On the next Monday the prisoner was brought into the presence of the magistrate, and a brother magistrate, in the house of the former, and on the unsupported testimony of the servant was committed to prison for three months.

Dukinfield is in the enviable position of an agricultural district, there being neither stipendiary magistrate nor resident clerk to magistrates there, and though there is a room in the Temperance Hall in which magisterial business is commonly conducted, there is probably nothing illegal in a justice at this village of 19,000 people making his own house a temporary court. This much was admitted by the meeting, and the chairman explained that its object was as much a general one, to protest against a populous town being in such a position, as to consider this particular case; at the same time he protested, as will seem to most people, reasonably, against any magistrate trying his own case, in his own house, on the testimony of his own servant. Such a course might be possible, or even necessary, in a thinly populated agricultural district, where the people are accustomed to the eccentricities of justice's justice, but, surely, not in Dukinfield, with its regular court, a neighbouring one at Stalybridge, and another at Hyde. As might be expected, some pretty hard things were said of the two magistrates, Messrs. Alfred Aspland and W. R. Garforth, but though the case was considered serious enough to warrant a representation being made to the Home Secretary, there was no attempt to impute to the justices anything more than excessive bad taste, and undue severity.

We rejoice in the meeting, as it is a sign that the healthy interest of the population in the acts of their "betters," which it is to be feared, is absolutely dead in the greater part of the land, is still a force in Dukinfield. The interest shown in a poor navy, who, so far as is known, does not bear a particularly good character, but against whom things seem to have gone harder than they should, is as hopeful a sign of regeneration as we have seen for many a day.

COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS (MADE TO ORDER.) **JOHN CHETHAM**, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from (Repairs neatly executed.) 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 39, TID STREET, MANCHESTER

THE HISTORY OF A FRAUD.

(CONTRIBUTED.)

WHEN Bill was boss, Ben told some awful whackers,
 About "harrassing Legislation;" and his backers
 Inhaled his vice, along with that of malice;
 Bill took the seals, and left them at the Palace,
 Ben got the seals, a peer became, and higher
 Raised our kingdom, making it an empire;
 Juggles six millions from the nation's purse
 To back the Turks, who have long been Europe's curse;
 Ignores our Constitution, brings black troops,
 To scalp the Russians, then to Jingo stoops;
 Issues free passes to all Music Halls,
 Next, sends the fleet by stealth to Stamboul's walls;
 Demands a Congress, Europe's power defies,
 Blows his own trumpet to the azure skies;
 Does what he likes in the good nation's name
 That was so jealous of its well-won fame;
 As compensation he an island seizes;
 Binds us to Turkey, and at our protests sneezes.
 He kicks the nation out who took him in—
 A just reward for such a flagrant sin.
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JACKDAW
85, MARKET STREET, 85.

**KENNETH'S
PRESENTS**
FOR
Weddings, Birthdays,
ETC., ETC.



TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

| | |
|------------|--|
| Friday, | May 16.—The Sabbath Chimes. |
| Saturday, | " 17.—Tom Bowling. |
| Sunday, | " 18.—Easter Hymn. |
| Monday, | " 19.—March of the Men of Harlech. |
| Tuesday, | " 20.—The Harmonious Blacksmith. |
| Wednesday, | " 21.—The Harp that once through Tara's Halls. |
| Thursday, | " 22.—The Minstrel Boy. |

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal, To-night.—*Snowball*, and *His Last Legs*.
" Saturday.—*Mammon*, and *His Last Legs*.
Prince's Theatre.—*Pickles*, and *Under Proof*.
Queen's Theatre.—*Turning the Tables*, and *Quilp*.
Alexandra Hall.—Variety Entertainment.
Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment.
People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment.
Belle Vue Gardens.—Zoological Collection.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

EVEN as honest Iago was "nothing if not critical," so our funny friend the *Evening Mail* would sink into dread obscurity were it not to crowd its columns with loud praises of all things Constitutional. To occasions of this sort the *Mail* can rise with the conceit of a peacock. Surely, however, neither the Church nor the War party are in such a bad way that their doings should be constantly repeated. In the issue of Monday last, the following paragraphs appear:—

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"A movement has been started at Cork for erecting a window in the Protestant Cathedral to the memory of the late Lieutenant Coghill, who fell, in company with Lieutenant Melville, in the retreat with the colours after the disaster at Isandula."

On a small scale we have seen this sort of thing in some of our country contemporaries, and woe to the editor when his paste and scissors have thus gone astray. But the editorial department of the *Mail* never errs and strays. What! never? Well—hardly ever!

The grateful ejaculations wont to escape Tory lips on the contemplation of that crowning mercy, the existence of a House of Lords, will surely be subdued if that crowning mercy gives us division lists like that on the Sunday question. Only by a bare majority of eight have their lordships saved the country from the horrors of open picture galleries and museums on the day of rest, hitherto sacred to public-houses, excursion-

trains, and the profligacies of the streets. The Commons have always made a dead stand against this innovation, but the Lords so nearly conceded it that both Lord Beaconsfield and the Archbishop of Canterbury, as bulwarks of the State Church, had to come to the rescue. Even then they barely saved the credit of a House which might have compromised itself to the extent of causing even the common people, the scathing masses, to appropriate the ejaculation hitherto sacred to aristocratic lips, "Thank God we have a House of Lords!"

Who would like a valuable sewing machine? Here is a capital chance of obtaining one cheap. According to a provincial contemporary, another penny weekly religious paper has been commenced with the beginning of the month. It touches on Good Templarism, thoughts on the lessons for the current Sunday, blackboard lesson, music for poetry, &c. To encourage the sale of the book a sewing machine, value £16. 16s., is promised to those who obtain the largest number of orders by November 1st. An opportunity of this sort is too good to lose. Amateur news-agents should go to work at once.

The well-known Manchester music-hall favourite "patter" vocalist, Walter Laburnum, has just become the happy parent of his tenth young Laburnum sprig. *The Referee* suggests the propriety of knocking out a "t" from his title and announcing himself in future as the "pater" vocalist.

ANENT that "people's tribute to Lord Beaconsfield," Mr. Tracy Turnerelli has written a letter to the papers, in which he vents his indignation against the *baser* radical press for their "multitudinous, multifarious, and multivenomous concoctions" about the tribute being in pawn, &c. Mr. Turnerelli points out that Tories in both Oldham and Birmingham have contributed to the wreath, which has been bought by pennies, whilst a magnificent casket has been bought by the gentlemen. The distinction was unnecessary—there never was a less worthy object.

The Chicago fire has put inventors on the alert in the States, where the latest improvement consists in the firemen sleeping on trap doors attached to the fire engines. On the first sound of alarm the doors fall down, and the men alight in the proper places on the engines almost before they awake. This really "licks creation," and if the firemen don't bite the dust, it will be because they have no teeth.

SOME terrible news comes to us from America. The Misses Lavinia Goodell and Annie King have formed a partnership for the practice of Law in Jonesville, Wisconsin. Now, unless the men of Jonesville have more stamina than Englishmen, these ladies will be invincible. It is not so much in Law as in jaw that they will excel.

THE Californians are determined to rid themselves of the "Heathen Chinese." For the purpose of completing the public disgust, the *Californian Democrat* has issued a picture of fifteen Chinese lepers in the pesthouse of San Francisco, in order to prove the necessity of expelling the Chinese at once. The *Democrat* should visit the Lunatic Asylums, and find another reason for driving the Californians out also; they could then begin again.

THE Hanover *Zeitung*, in criticising Count Ziehy's "Jewish Martyrs," regrets that so many of the victims of the Inquisition are cursing their tormentors, when they, as martyrs, should have "expired with Christian resignation."

Two of the *Referee's* jokes this week are absolutely two bad. Read them:—

"THIS is what comes to me from a correspondent who signs himself 'H. J. F.'—'I hear that the showman at Stratford-on-Avon was conveyed to his last resting-place in a soda-water van. I thought you would like to know this little fact.' For the life of me I can't make this out. A soda-water van, forsooth! I suppose, next, somebody will be saying that Shakspeare was carried to the tomb on a ginger beer."

"Backers at Chester had a stroke of bad luck on the Cup day—a *Parole*-lytic stroke. I am allowed to make this joke, because I am a Chester myself. I was going to ask a conundrum, but I won't. It was this. Why were the tipsters like military prisoners who are allowed to walk about?—Because they were all out on *Parole*."

DIAMOND RING, 2s. 6d.,

with Paris Diamond in claw-setting, sparkles beautifully. SNAKE RINGS, 3s. 6d. (3 and 4 coils). STONES, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. RINGS, 5s.; very Chaste BUCKLE, 5s.; with or without 3 Stones. Ladies' Fancy Rings (assorted coloured stones), 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. CARRINGTON & CO., Manufacturing Jewellers, 575, Kingsland Road, London, E. Money returned if not approved.

CORPORATION "PETS."

It is the delight of affectionate natures to have something to pamper. Old maids lavish their indulgencies upon cats; and old-maidenish young ones leave their dolls and baby-houses to fatten poodles. The members of the Manchester City Council, without necessarily justifying the comparison to females of tender susceptibilities, have also their pets. They may not dress them in ribbons; nor carry them about in their arms; but they have ways of pampering them nevertheless. It would not do to treat these pets as ladies treat their "Tins" and their "Kittys," so they fondle about them with salaries. Once in the good graces of his committee, and the head of a department, or his nearest assistant, can have his sops toasted, and his milk sugared. He can lie blinking and panting in the sun of municipal favour, with the fullest satisfaction that the supplies of the kennel are secured for life, and can be lapped without stint. They can never be over rewarded. Of such value are their services, that were they to become surfeited with the golden repast, their masters would feel themselves under the necessity of "cramming" them, as a farmer does his turkeys, until they are round and plump, and can hardly waddle.

The Manchester City Councillor has two sides to his character. When a candidate for the honour of representing the interests of his fellow-citizens, his most popular war-cry is "economy, with efficiency." He flourishes the pruning-knife with amazing dexterity; and his promises to lopp off all the useless branches of the municipal tree are greedily swallowed by his supporters. When hoisted into the Council we see the other side of the man. He may cling to odd notions of economy for a time; but when the Town Hall pets begin to rub against his legs, and "sit up" before him, his disposition undergoes a change; and it is ten to one he drops a penny into the can. The overpaid official of October, is the underpaid drudge of November; and the Councillor's wonder is now that such services can be commanded at so small a figure. Then, somehow, the impression comes upon him that every other Corporation in the kingdom is bidding for these services; and they must be retained at whatever cost. The impression is deepened by mysterious hints and rumours floating about in the corridors, until it assumes all the importance of a conviction. This is the best trick of the whole performance; and is sure to bring down rattling results. Thus the economical private citizen becomes, what he accused his predecessor of being, a wasteful disposer of public money; and the conversion has been effected without his appearing to know it.

One would have thought that at a time like the present, when every kind of business is suffering from depression, our municipal representatives would have been reminded of their promises, and drawn the corporation purse strings to a seasonable tightness. Instead of that they seem to have lost their hold of them altogether. The pampered official has nothing to do but say he is not yet up to the proper weight, and the extra golden pabulum is forced down his throat. This disposition to pamper was never better exemplified than it was at the Council meeting last Wednesday week. The head servant of a committee, whose abilities do not appear to have shone with any particular lustre when confined to bottle washing, since his elevation to the butlership, has suddenly developed into a genius of the first magnitude, and he must be petted accordingly. With such fervour did Mr. Councillor Harwood dwell upon these qualities that he must have forgotten himself, and fancied he was holding forth to the brotherhood and sisterhood of some local "Ebenezer," after partaking of "buttered toast and pineapple rum." Even Mr. Councillor Stewart, who has been not inaptly termed the yard-dog of the city treasury, changed his familiar growl to a friendly bark, and the gas superintendent made off with an extra "coop" in the shape of £150 a year. Mr. Jackson may have deserved all he has got; but why the Council should have shown themselves in such a hurry to give an additional recognition of services that have only recently commenced, is beyond our comprehension. The power to spend other people's money must have about it some peculiar charm that has developed itself more strongly since the extravagance displayed in the construction of the cells and tunnels in Albert Square; and the Council evidently feel bound to exercise this power in the most lavish manner.

In addition to Mr. Jackson, another pet was brought up to have a little more gold added to his collar; but the application was not made in a welcome form. Had it been for extra salary without extra work, perhaps the application made on behalf of Mr. Page might have been more favourably entertained. But it was a question whether he was the proper dog to draw a certain cart, that caused a split in the nursery; so the point

was referred back for further consideration. But it is a question with many whether the superintendent of markets is not already over-laden with duties and emoluments. He is getting into "the sere, and yellow leaf of life," when the energies begin to relax, and the capacity for work gets narrowed. Besides, Mr. Page has higher duties to perform in connection with our local "Isthmian games," and any interference with those duties would be inimical to the prosperity of one of Manchester's noblest institutions. Appoint Mr. Page "minister of milk-shops," and it will not be long before we hear the last jink of "gate money," and the last yell of "two to one, bar one."

Another pet will be brought up next Council meeting to be additionally "remembered." But this poodle, since his patrons attired him in a "Dolly Varden" wrapper, has not been a favourite with a majority of the nursery; and the extra twist of his "screw" is somewhat doubtful. With this exception, however, the disposition to pamper our Corporation officials is getting too general among our Aldermen and Councillors. They do not appear to consider that their pets are kennelled for life, if they only behave themselves. The latter have no anxieties about trade. They never rise in a morning with the fear of another "smash" lying heavily on their souls. They have no dread of bad debts; or that their employer may be gazetted to-morrow. They can go jauntily to their business without any misgivings as to the next "divi;" and at five o'clock they can wash their faces, and comb out their beards, with their thoughts full of cricket or bowls; then join the family tea with the serenity of men who feel the comforting assurance that "their bread is buttered." £300 a year in the Corporation is worth £500 among the uncertainties of a mercantile house; and this our representatives ought to consider when their "pets" are brought up for extra "remembrance."

A GREEN MARTYR: THE "JACKDAW'S" REPLY.

"Come let us dance upon the Green."—Old Song.

As high I perch upon the church
That boasts a Rector Green,
With head stretched out I hear you shout
Reproaches loud and keen;

With dauntless air, you boldly swear
That you all laws obey,
And this, in sooth, is honest truth,
What then is untruth, say?

If round the land, on every hand,
Your party keeps the law,
The quillots sharp on which you harp
May well perplex a daw.

'Tis true I'm black about the back,
But yet I must protest,
'Tis not that Green can rouse my spleen—
Church squabbles I detest.

Though loud you bawl I hold with Paul
That peace should be our end,
And no man should do ought that could
A brother's faith offend.

'Twere better far to shun all jar,
And cause of discontent,
Than trust to fix in candlesticks,
Or frequent fast in Lent.

Yet once again you can't refrain
From harping on the stake,
And now breathe out your threatenings stout,
Of me a blaze to make.

In days of old, the legend's told,
At Rheims beneath the curse
Of book and bell a Jackdaw fell
And suffered sad reverse.

Those days are fled, though on my head
May light your fiercest frown,
'Twill not avail from my cocked tail
To pull one feather down.

But stay, one thing makes droop my wing,
About my cause you spoke,
Or curse or burn, as serves your turn,
But spare, oh, spare that joke.

WEDDING RINGS, 1s. 6d.,

cannot be told from 22-carat gold. LOCKETS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. BROOCHES, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. EARRINGS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. ALBERTS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. All the above cases with gold and warranted to wear well. Sent post free. Catalogues post free. CARRINGTON & CO., Manufacturing Jewellers, 978, Kingsland Road, London, E. Money returned if not approved.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

It is seldom the Prince of Wales has shown to such advantage as during the debate on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill in the House of Lords last week. Not that the Prince put forward any new theories or arguments in favour of the proposal, but that he grounded his support of the measure upon the general and broad basis of its reasonableness and growing popularity. If the Prince would only follow, with this line of conduct, the history of many other schemes of reform, ere long the Liberals of this country would have to enrol the name of another leader, and the Conservatives lament the loss of another "rising hope of the Tory party." It is most unlikely that any new argument will ever be put forward either for or against the Bill, unless we adopt the somewhat novel opinion of Mr. John Bright, spoken in the House of Commons a few years ago. He said that he had been charged with keeping silent upon an important measure about which it was generally known he held the strongest opinions in its favour, and his reply was that he had not spoken upon the measure because he had never heard anything deserving the name of an argument used against it. The opponents of the Bill usually content themselves with describing arguments in favour of the measure as being merely sentimental arguments, and in answer to this, Mr. Bright roundly asserted that if so, the arguments were as worthy of consideration as one half the acts of our lives, for human nature was now enshrouded with a halo of sentiment, which, being needlessly outraged, became a real and tangible grievance.

But we are in no way compelled to acknowledge that this legislative stop gap is a merely sentimental grievance. We may safely assume that where no real benefit to the community can arise from prohibition in anything, no prohibition ought to exist, and if so existing, human nature and common-sense will revolt against the enactment. In this category must be placed this section of the law of incest. Could its supporters show that any physical drawbacks existed, reason might impose a restriction upon inclination, still as no such idea is ever put forward, but rather some Biblical idea which the bench of bishops generally assume the public know all about, we are justified in doubting the existence of either a Divine or moral law against the practice of marrying a deceased wife's sister. It is a singular fact that the "Polite Letter Writer," which has been so long and largely sold to the people, should have a letter in it, supposed to come from a widower to a lady, teaching its readers how to suitably frame a letter proposing marriage on the ground of the lady's similarity of character to the deceased wife. Viewed in the common-sense way, it cannot be denied that where a mother who strongly loves her children feels herself stricken with death, she would undoubtedly feel more satisfaction in leaving her children in the care of a sister who was also wife, than of a stranger wife. What is stronger, also, in this particular, is the common English practice of aunt's becoming housekeepers in families unfortunately bereft of the mother. Whatever the fine spun theories of the Bishops, the convenience and good sense of the people are in practice dead against the restriction, and no section of the marriage law is so unblushingly set aside by the working-classes, and those of the aristocratic and upper middle class, who believe the power of Parliaments is limited by the dictates of common-sense.

Generally, the speakers against the measure say that they will never vote for it because it would give relief in some well-known quarters. This style of assertion is neither creditable to the head nor the heart of the man who makes it. If such a man imagines he is assisting in the maintenance of public morals, he is most decidedly mistaken. The whole tenor of Scripture is against such a man, and St. Paul, in particular, is so catholic in his sympathies, that he declares we should not give our acquaintance the slightest occasion to stumble. If to drink wines, or eat meat be an offence to our brother, abstain, and how the more would he have declared for the allowance to marry the object of your affections, so long as there was no danger of idiocy in the offspring. It is only a few years since the celebrated Dr. Punshon went to Canada, it was said, and not contradicted, to marry his deceased wife's sister, the lady accompanying the reverend gentleman, and as he is still the delight and ornament of the Wesleyan denomination—the strictest sect of Christians—Dr. Punshon's conduct in this matter may fairly be assumed to have the approval of that body. Indeed, the onus of proof lies with the opponents of the measure, and as neither the laws of Moses, nor the laws of most civilised peoples, forbid marriage with a deceased wife's sister, we may safely assume that the strength of the position in England is indicated by the facetious remark that the Bill is for the abolition of sisters-in-law. The Book of Leviticus says that a man may not take a wife to her sister in her lifetime, which

clearly means that he shall not have two sisters as wives at the same time. On the other hand, a deceased brother's widow had a legal claim to marriage by the next brother, in order that progeny might be raised up to his deceased brother, if he had died without offspring. And, further, the first son of the second marriage had to assume the name of the elder brother, but in any case the widow had the claim to marriage, which, if denied her, she had redress by summoning the brother to the presence of the elders, taking off his shoe as sign of his abdication of his right, and the woman then spat in his face.

On social and moral grounds it is difficult to over-rate the possible advantages which might arise from the abrogation of the present law. Whenever a man is left with a family of young children, he is almost compelled to get married, and hurriedly, too. Housekeepers who intend honestly will not remain after they find themselves able to get places with fewer "encumbrances," yet sisters-in-law are prohibited from marrying brothers-in-law, and are the subject of jest and remark if voluntarily making sacrifice of their comfort for the benefit of the young family. All this happens when a plain, simple, natural, and commendable way lies open for us to take, and we neglect to take it. What can the most charitable person think of the strange woman who marries a man with a large family? Either that she is the victim of blandishments, the next friend of the deceased wife, and therefore practically a sister, or that she is one whom the day of matrimony has passed, in the ordinary course, and therefore marries a second-hand husband. And what of the poor children who fall into the hands of such? Let us draw a veil over the picture. The Lancashire name of a stepmother should commonly be altered to a stickmother, for they are often disappointed women to begin with, and go into matrimonial engagements for which they have neither aptitude nor training. It will be seen from another column that Earl Beaconsfield brought into the House a petition from the farmers and people of Buckinghamshire, and it may safely be asserted, as a broad historical fact, that when the country people and the town's people have come into agreement upon any subject in this country, the day of its legal enactment is not far distant.

O, WHO RULES O'ER THE GLEBE LANDS.

[A NEW RHYME FOR STOCKPORTONIANS.]

O WHO rules o'er the glebe lands?
The lessees' or the rector's hands?
O, who will smart o'er the glebe lands
Of ancient Stockport town?

Old Prescott was a fine old man,
But yet he did not lead the van;
With him it wasn't catch who can,
On Stockport's ancient glebe.

He rector was, and *rectus* stood,
At sharper's tricks he was no good,
And twist a word he never could,
To aught but common meanings.

The Rectors all have bought and sold
Their right to preach and teach—with gold;
And so when old they always sold
Their right to Stockport glebes.

But things will have an end, they say,
With men it is not "always May;"
And Prescott nineteen years held away,
Though he had sold Stockport glebes.

Now wouldn't you get very sick,
Waiting a man to (go to old—) cut his stick,
But Prescott he was "up to Dick"
In selling Stockport glebes.

But Symonds, after waiting long,
With threats of law, began ding dong;
The lessees got it hot and strong
On Stockport's ancient glebe.

Now this act wasn't "Simony,"
Though what he did was "all my eye;"
But now he's eating humble pie
O'er Stockport's ancient glebes.

THE RECTOR AND HIS JINKS.

THE father of the Rev. W. Symonds, rector of Stockport, about twenty-two years ago bought the next presentation to the rectory of Stockport. After a weary waiting of nearly half a lifetime, the reverend son was inducted, taking the usual vows of a clergyman according to law. Now, as the reverend gentleman had been made rector by law, he determined to revise the proceedings of the late rector—of course, in the interests of future rectors, as he says. The reverend William discovered that the old gentleman who had been such an unconscionable long time in dying, after selling the presentation, had actually renewed leases, according to the plain reading of the Stockport Glebe Leasing and Exchange Act of the year 1773. But then the reverend gentleman could see that it was possible to read the act in a continuously improving sense, and so he, as trustee of all future rectors of Stockport, determined to look after Mr. Prescott's leases being "improved" also, to their utmost capacity. A factious lawyer once told a son of Mars that it was written "They who live by the sword shall die by the sword," when the soldier bluntly retorted that "They who live by the law shall die by the law," and this witticism has come very near to its fulfilment—commercially speaking—with the Rector of Stockport. Before going into court some of the lessees had even consented to pay advanced rents to the extent of fifty per cent; but now the Master of the Rolls has decided that they are entitled to continuous renewals on the most favourable rendering of the original terms, the reverend William will probably find that though he had waited long for his "day of small things," he might have gone farther and fared better. Oh, reverend William, this Rolls Court law is not the Gospel to thee and the future rectors of Stockport, unless they are a "continuously improving" party. But the commercial part of this question is the one of least importance, after all. Suppose the reverend William has several members of his congregation who worship the golden calf—the "almighty dollar"—how hard it will be for the reverend gentleman to persuade them that his action against Mr. Jinks had no element of love of gold in it, but was solely the effect of the trusteeship in which the reverend gentleman stands; and what if these members of his congregation die with this sin upon their souls. Oh, Mr. Jinks, even you might have thought of the terrible consequences of defeating the rector, but the reverend gentleman will have the sympathy of other rectors, no doubt, and that will support him.

HIS CZARD FATE.

[All other accounts are fallacious, and this fragment from the Emperor's diary alone gives a true notion of how the Imperial day is passed.]

9 a.m.—Awoke from frightful dream. Thought a Nihilist was sitting on our head, while another posted revolutionary placards all over our person. Nothing but fancy, however. Ouf! What a blessing!

9.30.—Dressing. Feel safer here in Livadia than in the capital, but must take proper precautions. Put on second best suit of chain-armour over underclothing, and donned our ironclad cap with the wire bulletproof veil which lets down from the peak. Summoned our special troop of cavalry to escort us down to breakfast.

10.—Cannot be too cautious. Fancied that the boiled egg had a bomb-like look, and made our Chamberlain crack it, while we retired for a space to a distant corner. Not loaded with nitro-glycerine after all! Gave one of the rashers to the cat, and watched in vain for the symptoms of poison. So far well.

11.—Opening our correspondence, which had been previously soaked in a bucket of water for an hour or two, to discourage explosives. Rather a wet job, but security is everything. Ah, the usual Nihilist death-warrants—twenty-three of 'em!

12.30 P.M.—Horrible reflection! We actually were foolish enough to lick one of the stamps which we used in replying to a correspondent! What if the gum were poisoned! Must take an emetic at once.—Funny Folks.

CURIOUS HISTORIC FACT.—When Fox, the great orator, was speaking there never was any applause from the Pitt of the House.

REFLECTION ON TIPPING A HIGH CHURCH SEXTON.—To the power, all things are power.

ANOTHER WREATH FOR THE EARL.

Peace with Honour in tinsel and blue
Have won us a glorious battle,
For Peace has slaughtered the brave Zulu,
And Honour's walked off with his cattle.

GREAT KNOX AND KNOX-LITTLE.

[FROM "PUNCH."]

THE following announcement in a diurnal newspaper may perhaps in particular concern persons of Romanesque persuasion:—

"ST. BARNABAS, PIMLICO.—The Rev. Mr. KNOX-LITTLE has announced to his congregation at St. Alban's, Manchester, that he has declined to accept this London vicarage."

A KNOX-LITTLE capable of accepting a cure of Ritualistic souls would seem to be so much less than a little KNOX as to be nothing of a KNOX: that is to say, JOHN KNOX. Only, were the Rev. KNOX-LITTLE a member of the brotherhood comprising Mr. MACKONCHIE and Mr. TOOTH there would be at least one point of resemblance between the little KNOX and the great KNOX—the Ritualist and the Reformer. If the Presbyterians expressly repudiate Prelacy, the Anglican Sacerdotalists practically set their Bishops at defiance. So far, it may be said that—

"New Priest is but Old Presbyter writ small."

THE END.

[BY OLD JOSH.]

WHEN I was quite a little boy,
Some weak-brained prophets said
That he who made this funny world
Would nod his awful head,
And houses, factories, warehouses,
Would soon go tottling o'er;
And Time, that had run on so long,
Would then run on no more.

Of course, it made me tremble so
Within my little shoes,
As if I were recouping from
A roughish fit of blues.
And yet since then a many years
Have gone to God knows where,
For I know nothing saving that
They've winterised my hair.

Yet houses, factories, warehouses,
In spite of all their bother,
Are quite as firm as when the bricks
Were laid one on another;
Of course, we can't deny the end
Has nearer to us ticked
Than what it was when first this ball
Was out of chaos kicked.

The Bible says, "Before the end
All shall be righteous men,
And fall in love with peace"—Oh, Lord,
May I be living then!
No Afghan, Zulu, Turkish war,
No fights twixt cap and labour,
No more 'twill be the rule of life
How best to "do" my neighbour.

Theology would change its tone
In half a blessed minute,
And we should have a bran new thing
Without a devil in it.
E'en Cumming would himself be by
The world's enchantment driven
To say he didn't want the end
Although it brought him Heaven.

But though I know the prophets say
Is so much idle glamour;
I know this ball will have to go
Beneath the breaker's hammer.
He'll give the thing a mighty swing,
As blacksmith's do when busy;
And—crash. And then we'll Tories grow,
Because we'll be so Dizzy!

MANCHESTER AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S THEATRE.

MR. PAUL MERRITT'S new comedy of *Pickles*, followed by Mr. E. Ross's popular travesty of *Proof*, which is appropriately called *Under Proof, but much above Pa*, in the hands of the D'Oyley Caste Company, continue to be very attractive. The comedy itself is one of the most finished efforts of its author, and is well sustained throughout. Mr. J. H. Ryley, in the character of "Pickles," is especially droll. Of course, the semblance of plot in the comedy is but meagre, but one sees quite enough of modern comedies to become aware that plot is the last element to be looked for therein, *tableau* having become far more essential to success. The burlesque upon *Proof* is a sparkling one, and the usual funny element of burlesque is well and thoroughly brought out by the artistes into whose hands the duty falls.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

We have great respect for any man's "pluck" who attempts to dramatise Dickens. He has got a difficult work cut out for him, and we should say that the work from which the author has gathered his material for *Quilp* is the most "undramatizable" of all. However, he has done it, and done it creditably, as a visit to the Queen's Theatre will show. "Quilp," in the hands of Mr. T. F. Doyle, is a wonderfully well made-up character, and the parts of "Dick Swiveller," "the Marchioness," and "Sampson Brass," are in really good hands, and Miss Dora Ffrench as "Little Nell" is at once both winning and graceful, and most pathetically gains upon her audience in the rendering of the poor persecuted child of nature.

THE ALEXANDRA HALL.

Mr. W. S. Booth, the proprietor, puts forth an excellent and varied bill of fare, of which the principal attractions are Madame Zulima, whose trapeze performances are graceful and marvellous; Messrs. Guida, Smith, and Hess, the champion skaters, whose wonderfully comic skating evolutions elicit shouts of merriment. Messrs. Vern and Hearnly, the duettists, are greatly above the average of their class. Miss Annie St. Pierre is a very great favourite with the frequenters of the establishment, and Mr. T. Purcell, as a mimic, and instrumental musician and vocalist, is very clever. Zampi, the one-legged gymnast; Charles Lawrie, comedian; and Mr. Howard Baker, the negro impersonator, make up a very good evening's attraction.

THE GAIETY.

The Gaiety is crowded to excess every night, the chief attraction being Mr. T. Ashcroft, better known as "the Solid Man," whose well-known impersonations and dancing are nightly "applauded to the echo." The Ethiopian quartette, Devoy, Leclercq, Lovel, and Butler, are irresistibly funny, and we have Mr. Tom Sayers, son of the late redoubtable "Tom," who sings a song about the P. R. exploits of his father, to willing audiences. Mr. Charles Murray, the "Bold Militiaman," is good in his way, but his bit of introduced "gag" about the Zulu War is out of taste, and should be omitted. Miss Vesta Tilley and the Robins Quartette are also well received. In fact, Mr. Garcia's programme is an eminently good one and is fully appreciated by the public.

AXIOM.—It's a poor mule that can't kick both ways.

You might as well try to pick a quarrel with a graven image or play the accordion with a pair of mittens on as to publish a paper that will suit everybody. It can't be done.

IMPORTANT TRADE NEWS.—It is currently reported that if the coal trade continues much longer in its present condition many of the limited colliery companies will have to cease winding up coal and commence winding up themselves.

Our escapade in Afghanistan seems pretty well over. The Viceroy has received Yakoub Khan with royal honours to put him in good humour, and if he will only accede to all we want, the insult given us by the Ameer, his father (which insult consisted in his not acceding to all we wanted), will be avenged, and we will only take so much territory as we think we can hold—which magnanimity must greatly impress the Oriental mind.

MANCHESTER BOTANICAL ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association held its monthly meeting on Sunday evening last at the club room in Union Street, Church Street. Amongst other interesting items connected with the meeting, the *Jackdaw's* article of April 25th was read, approved, and ordered to be enrolled upon the minutes of the Association. The *Jackdaw* thanks the Association for the distinction conferred upon it, and hereby assures them of his most hearty co-operation in their good work, towards the spreading of a most useful knowledge amongst the artisan class, which is, at present, only too little appreciated.

A NEW METHOD OF SMUGGLING.

AT a public dinner, M. Ferdinand Duval, Prefect of the Seine, said that the octroi men of Paris, who levy the municipal barrier dues, are a most vigilant set of fellows, but that, having boasted of their merits, he (the Prefect) had been caught. A friend of his residing at St. Cloud had made a small bet that he would introduce a pig into Paris in his brougham without the octroi men detecting it. M. Duval took the bet, and strict orders were given at all the gates of Paris to look out for the brougham of the friend in question. Within less than a week, however, the Prefect received the sum of eighty centimes, being the amount of duty leviable on a pig, and a request to come and assure himself that the quadruped had been successfully smuggled in. It turned out that the pig, killed and skinned, had been dressed up in women's clothes, and had been driven into Paris seated triumphantly on the box beside the coachman. Since, the octroi men, it is said, stare with some fixity at plump women when they behold them on carriage boxes.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth.

- "P. W."—Declined with thanks.
- "J. S."—Smart, but we do not jest at matters of faith.
- "E. J. Cheetham."—Declined with thanks.
- "Al. G. Riar."—From their activity they are known as the *Up and Be-Donis' Arabs*.
- "Burnley."—Yes, it is found in India. Surely you have heard of the black coal of Calcutta.
- "Anxious Mother."—Oh, yes; King Thebaw has had the *Burmesees*.
- "Hibernian."—Mr. Peter A. Taylor is considered a *P.-A.-T.*-riotic member.
- "Roumaniac."—Moll Davia is first cousin to Bess Arabia, and distantly related to Sarah Gossa.
- "Grace."—Prince Battenburg is a clever cricketer.
- "Phil Osofar."—It is probable that all the late J. S. Mill's theories will be realised—in the J. S. Mill-enium.
- "Valse One."—The Austrians are noted dancers; and as for the Poles, they are perfect *hop-Poles*.
- "Commonwheel."—You should write to the Laureate for the address of the maker of "the Bi-cycle of Cathay."
- "Barile."—Colonel Pearson's signals had nothing to do with *sound*, therefore they do not bear out your remark about *Ekow-stic properties*.
- "D. Narius."—We are inclined to think that the medal is a S. P. Q.-rious coin of old Rome.
- "O. Peel."—"Fine St. Michaels" can be had for nothing in the "Orange Free State."
- "Regent."—By signing a book order you have made a binding contract, and must take the book when it is tendered.
- "Constant Reader."—Worcester.—In case of a dissolution of partnership an apprentice remains bound to the partner who carries on business.
- "S. B. S."—You can let the creditor go to the County Court, and then give your explanation to the judge, who will decide which is right.
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